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The Derby's Annual.



May 12, 1877



# The Orphans' Appeal.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL FAIR FOR THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'  
ORPHANS' HOME.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

Will you remember us?

From the pines of Maine to the prairied west,  
From the golden shore to the Blue Ridge crest,  
With downcast eye and saddened brow,  
A sorrowful throng, we hail you now.  
For we have no parents to give us bread—  
No love for the heart, no home for the head.

Yet Liberty made it thus—

Will you remember us?

“Will you remember *me*?

My father fell at Fort Donelson;  
His form was shattered by treason's gun,  
And he left my mother alone, alone,  
With a sorrow as deep as ever was known,  
And with little children to keep in bread:  
Ah, she worked her life out—she is dead.

Yet 'twas all for Liberty—

Will you remember *me*?”

## THE ORPHANS' APPEAL.

“ Will you remember me ?  
At Pittsburg Lauding my father fell,  
Amid carnage too bloody for tongue to tell ;  
Where unburied bodies lay around,  
And the hot sun putrefied each wound ;  
Where the river was covered with bloated men,  
And friend could not know his friend again.

Yet they died for Liberty—  
Will you remember me ?”

“ Will you remember me ?  
I have heard my mother weep and say,  
How my father followed many a day  
In General Buell's aimless path,  
Till his ~~body~~ <sup>body</sup> ~~ended~~ <sup>ended</sup> in ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> a patient's ~~end~~ <sup>end</sup>—  
How at last they were lead to Perryville,  
Where his brave feet halted, his heart grew still.

Yet they died for Liberty—  
Will you remember me ?”

“ Will you remember me ?  
In the dark Peninsular campaign,  
In malarious swamps, 'mid the drenching rain,  
My father toiled, grew sick, and died ;  
His children's stay, and our mother's pride.  
Then she wept and worked three weary years :  
And now—we can only give her tears.

Yet 'twas for Liberty—  
Will you remember me ?”

## THE ORPHANS' APPEAL.

"Will you remember *me* ?  
On the deck of the brave old Cumberland  
My father fell, and his death was grand.  
He joined in the shout of 'One broadside more ;  
Let our death-chant be its thunder roar !'  
It was poured abroad with a mighty sound,  
Then the ship went under, and all were drowned !

Brave death for Liberty—  
Will you remember *me* ?"

"Will you remember *me* ?  
At Gettysburg, in a dreadful charge,  
His brave feet touching their battery's marge,  
After the ~~round~~ wide, gaping wound  
They ~~carried~~ my father from the ground.  
'My wife, my children,' he faintly sighed ;  
'God bless and keep them !' and so he died.

This was for Liberty—  
Will you remember *me* ?"

"And oh, remember *me* !  
Alas and alas ! Alas and alas !  
All dark, dark stories must mine surpass.  
The father as dear to us as life  
Fell not in the battle's glorious strife :  
He was murdered by inches—starved by degrees !  
He suffered more deaths than all of these,  
For the dried skin grew to the marrowless bone,  
And it seemed that God had forgotten His own.

## THE ORPHANS' APPEAL.

And our gentle mother—her mind gave way.  
She is crazy ! For her we can only pray.

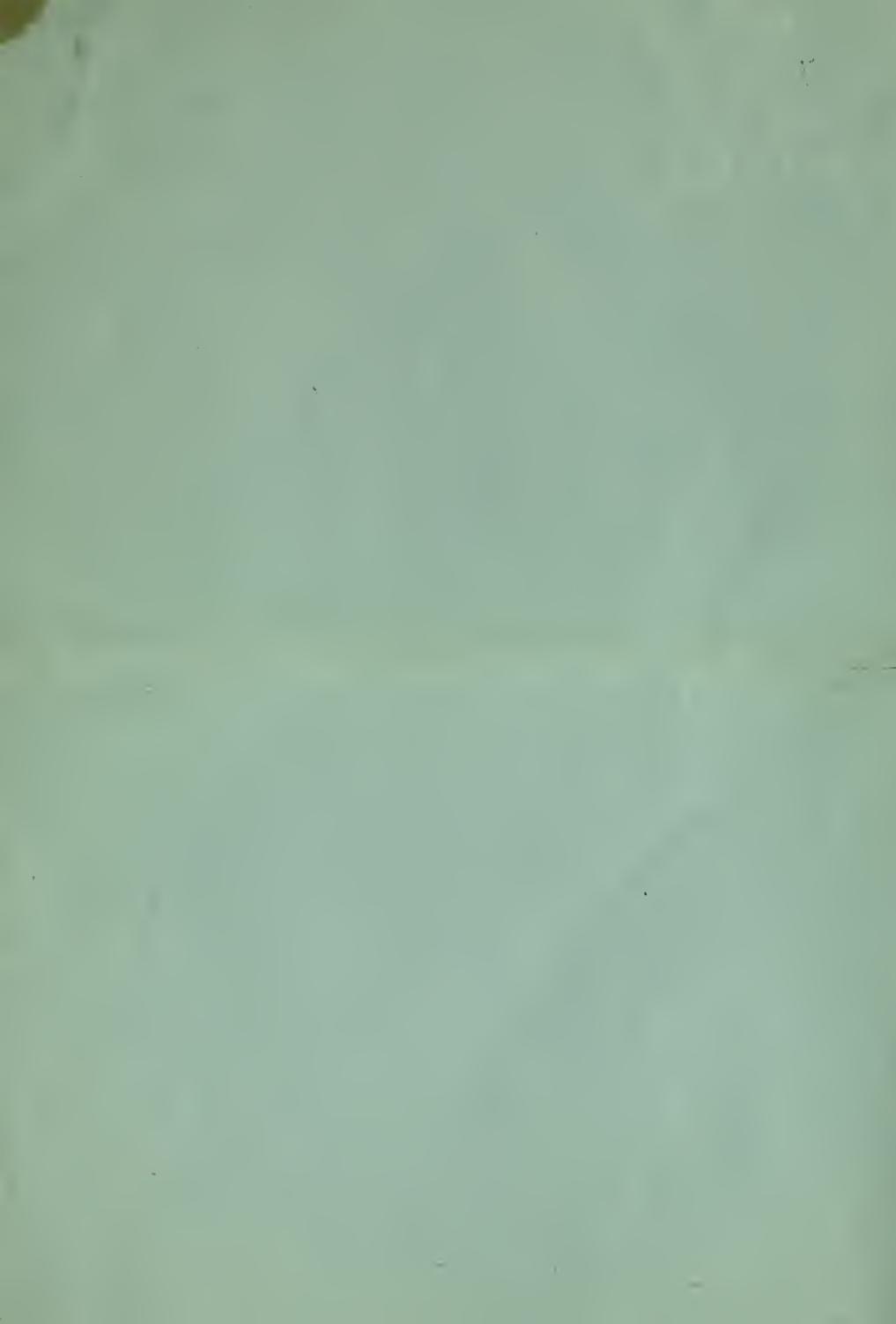
Such woe for Liberty !  
Will you remember me ?

Oh, our land will not forget !  
Our noble fathers are gone to God ;  
Their blood enriches the traitor's sod.  
Yet we will be clad and sent to school,  
For our ladies have studied the Golden Rule ;  
And our rulers will never ungrateful be  
For the price *we* paid for *their* liberty.

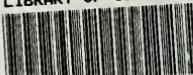
God lives and sees us yet ;  
Our land will not forget !

WASHINGTON. D. C., *May* 13, 1866.





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